

you, in return for your P
y Principle
consideration of these pecu
ciously allow us to ap
lent, when he comes to
nd tries to remake the old
clation of States in the old frat
More need we should do it, when
Like the Independent denounce the
dent. It is only two weeks since the
article appeared in that paper, own
the Collector of your Third Revenue
trict, in which the editor was com
to let the whole paper be

to "bring them back," to show
at President Johnson's equivocal po-
if not his treachery. In its issue of
October, it craved the sober thou-
the country, because "now that peace
come, the Government is crumbling
sand!" Half a year, and no peni-
for treason yet! It cries: one hun-
five hundred pardons a day! How
The States South have denied
rights of loyalists, legalized
usurpations of rebels, and the
inquiry into a law. "All this
der the fostering hand of

son," "arse still," the Democratic championing him," says the Independent, "hauling him to his ill-fame, and with elections in his support!" Good will win more. Louisiana and New-sey Democrats sustain him, and World and News. John Van Buren, prudent prince, dares nominate his President. Thereupon, it is constrained to put its hand to the rope and ring alarm bell. Now, I assume that this toral was written by Theodore Tilton, same hand that penned a review of same issue, on a volume of mine, and

have a more intimate acquaintance with other races than bell-ropes." This is a generation, who wished the buds bleached by miscegenation, is so dis- tressed with Mr. Johnson that he pulls at the rope for two columns more. For what? President Johnson "has perished and withered the falsest bud of peace—equal suffrage." Aha! In fact, has spoiled a whole nosegay of fragrant buds and full-blown flowers. Laugh at the growing savage as Johnson, he tells Senator Doolittle, Governor Morton, calls on the churches to retract.

traitors to justice. How lustily he
at the rope! Ding, dong! Arouse
Africa, from your slumber; your
are in danger! Ding, dong! To
pulpit, oh! Cheever, and thunder
denunciation. Ding, dong! Garr
arouse! Here is another league with
and covenant with death! Ding, d
Wendell, shout aloud, your Phillip
Ding, dong! Butler, dig, dig another
Gap Canal, and blow up another pow
boat at Fort Fisher. (Great laugh
Ding, Dong! Boston, shake off your
argy and exalt your horn! Ding, d

ding! Jan Brown, get out of your
and put on your invisible knapsack,
with imperceptible rations, and with
impalpable soul march on! [Loud
ter and applause.] Ding, dong! Imp
Johnson! Rally the pious! Sound
declaration! The fair flower of negro
frage is pinched in the bud! [Up
laughter and applause.] Well, Wen
Phillips aroused himself, declared
South victorious, Johnson three-four
traitor, and sounded his alarm. He ca
the sound of Tiltonian brass, buckled
his armor, and cried:

"Thy first, Independent, let me share,
Lord of the Lion Heart and Eagle Eye."
(Laughter.) When lo! all at once the
dependent bell ceased; it had lost its c-
per. Tilton is yet pulling; but he m-
no sound. On the 17th comes an ap-
getic article for Johnson; and, Bro.
Beecher follows it in a pastoral to
sheep. Why this conversion? I
vously pray that the "suddenness
of conversion may be genuine. It fi-
my heart with gratitude. Marvelous
such a sudden turn from virulence
spite." How can it be accounted
At the best of us may have reason

weakness. Duty is not the highest
tive with an "Independent" man.
owner was a collector. He draws a
all thousand a year—a good officer; it
be. But why should he lose a good
office when it can be retained? He
not be exempt from the chess descr
by Burns.

"Mankind are unco' weak,
And little to be trusted;
When sell the wavering shakes,
This seldom well adjusted."

He sends for Tilton and Beecher; the
for temporal and the other for spiri
comfort. They confer. Mr. Beecher

the conference with prayer, and then I
out the verses: "And are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?"
"Ye wretches, ye amazing grace
That were out of hell!"

[loud laughter]—which being sung
that spiritual pride which apes humi-
the collector, catching the lyric gush
claims: "Let Independence be thy boast,
Ever mindful what it cost!"

[Renewed laughter.] Then with a
pocket-handkerchief the tears are w-
from brother Bowen's eyes, brother

goes on to swallow his fiery language and take the clapper out of his bell, brother Beecher to prepare a sermon the beautiful beatitudes of Andrew Johnson's clemency. [Upbraiding laugh] I devoutly pray that when Congress in these saints may not be found like master, Wendell Phillips, accusing Johnson of being three-fourths traitor.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN TATTERS

Our Republican friends, judging these extracts, have been sorely pained to find comfort in their President.

side the fracture in their party; but will show it. The vines you call the fissure will die when December comes, and lo! the gap in your ad created by yourselves, or, if I to a hop-along figure, the Republican ment, already has parted and partly posed the human skeleton form. fabric was never of the best, consider shoddy being mixed with the wool. dint of kneeling in politics and stam in pulpit it has worn its knees and all thresholds. Mr. Weed may patch one and Mr. Greeley button up his

white cover over the other, but soon later the rents will appear. The garn is already in the hands of "A. John Tailor," for repair. It will not do to a good piece of Democratic stuff on rotten texture. Any housewife will you that. President Johnson will a new suit; and then look out for the sequences. [Loud cheers.]

Destruction Inevitable.

It is not long since the country was ited by an epidemic of railroad disas. Then came one of loss on water.

both oceans which wash the eastern western shores of this continent, and its lakes and rivers, there came tidings of casualties which involved immense destruction of life and property. Then the country was swept by an epidemic of crime; now in the shape of provoked murders, then of robberies again of women slaying members of opposite sex.

The present affliction takes the shape of fire. To read any morning the columns of a newspaper is to read of conflagration in some large city, in

In sooth, this is getting to be not the most desirable of countries. War, murder, robbery, husband and lover kill and a thousand other crimes, are justifying us, fire is with us, and the whole just because of the war. The world is a sevenfold system of destruction. If a last summer escaped being blown up, drowned, or knocked on the head, footpad, or shot severely or to death.

Some women whom he did or did not marry, he may ascribe his preservation to something almost miraculous. It will still more miraculously if, during the coming winter, he should escape being consumed by fire or frozen to death through the combination of coal dealers: and this will be the greatest miracle of all, if one, especially in Chicago, shall be found alive after a three months' visitation of cholera. In this connection, it is but to say that our city authorities are anxious to be the first to make the last-named as much of a miracle as possible. It is only one of a few things we continue to know

We suggest to the clergy that this good time for them to interfere. The fair prospect that between the up and nether millstones of shipwreck, smash-ups, robbery, fire, murder and cholera, this country will be ground powder. They have for years been in the firing line, smiting the South:

On last Thursday some twelve discharged soldiers attacked the citizens of Sedalia. A Lieut

beaten to death, and two or three others were badly wounded.

Snow and sleet fell in Indian on Saturday night.

